ARCHBISHOP RYAN

A PROPHECY BY DANIEL O'CONNELL WHICH HAS BEEN FULFILLED

Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan of Philadelphia, who has been referred to by his friends as the next American Cardinal, got his ambition to be somebody in the world from a pat on the head and a few words said to him by Daniel O'Connell, the Emancipator.

In 1844 he was 13 and a student in Carlow College, Ireland. In that year O'Connell visited the college and the students were called upon to declaim for his entertainment.

He sat through the speeches, apparently paying no attention to them, so far as outward sign was concerned, until a lad, marked chiefly by a thick shock of fiery hair, mounted the rostrum and began to speak. Then Mr. O'Connell came out of his shell, his whole attitude changed and he gave earnest ear to what the boy had to say from beginning to end.

He did more. As the student was starting to step down from the platform the great orator, in an excess of enthusiasm, walked over to him, placed his hand on the shock of red hair and said:

"My boy, your tongue will some day make you famous. Don't neglect it; it is your talent."

That was all, but it stuck to young Ryan's mind. Like other boys of the time he had made a hero of O'Connell, and he could not get away from the prophecy. So at last he told himself that, although he was set aside by his family to be a priest, he would still try to be what O'Connell said he could be if he only would—an orator.

Three years later, just a few months before O'Connell's death in Genoa, he was billed to speak in a town near Thurles, young Ryan's birthplace. When the doors were thrown open a red headed boy presented himself and started to walk through.

"Hey!" yelled the doorkeeper, "you can't get in without a ticket."

"But I want to hear Daniel O'Connell," protested the lad.

"Then buy a ticket," said the man.

"I haven't any money," confessed the lad.

The man laughed.

"Then," he said, "you'll not hear Daniel O'Connell speak this night."

But the boy would not be discouraged. He sought out the stage entrance.

"I want you to tell Mr. O'Connell that Patrick Ryan would like to speak to him," he said to the attendant.

"And who's Patrick Ryan?" asked the attendant.

"I am," replied the boy, "and I want you to take my name in to him and tell him I'd like to speak with him for a moment."

This man laughed just as heartily as the other one had. He also said much about the boy's audacity in thinking he could gain audience with such a distinguished person as the Emancipator, and he did not neglect to make other personal remarks about what Cardinal Gibbons has called "Archbishop Ryan's red hat that nature gave to him."

But young Ryan would not be laughed down. He had a tongue; Daniel O'Connell said it was his talent; he wanted to see Daniel O'Connell, and he talked and argued and joked and bantered with the man until finally the fellow, becoming impressed with the pleader's earnestness, took in his name.

A few minutes later Daniel O'Connell stood before the boy.

"Well?" he said.

"Mr. O'Connell," asked the youth, "don't you remember me?"

The Emancipator took a good look.

"Why, bless me!" he said, "you're the boy whom I praised at Carlow College for speaking so well. What are you doing here?"

The boy told him.

"So you want to hear me speak?" said O'Connell. "Well, you shall. But first tell me what are you doing now?"

"I am studying to be a priest," was the reply.

"Good," answered the agitator. "Keep it up, and don't neglect your tongue. You will make your mark with it when you have entered the Church. Come."

And so Patrick J. Ryan heard his idol from an advantageous seat on the stage, the great man once again prophesied that the lad would make his mark as an orator; and the boy's ambition, awakened three years before, had received fresh impetus.

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The civil war had begun. Thousands of Ireland's best fighting men, forced to America in the late '40s and the '50s by famine and obnoxious legislation, were flocking to the standard of the Union. Whole regiments were being formed of them.

Among the Irish volunteers in St. Louis was a young priest, Father Patrick J. Ryan, who had come to America in 1852, and been ordained in the following year in St. Louis. His services were accepted as chaplain and he was assigned to a military prison.

By this time Father Ryan had begun to justify Daniel O'Connell's prophecy. His sermons, from the time of his ordination, had attracted attention.

"They are different," said the people, and they went in increasing numbers to hear the priest who "could touch the heart strings, was not afraid to tell a witty story in an inimitable brogue, and in the next instant draw a picture that would bring tears."

So Chaplain Ryan went among the soldiers in the prison as he had gone among the people in the slums of St. Louis. He made those who were wounded laugh even in and at their pain by his wit; he cheered up others with droll stories; he kept the whole prison as cheerful as any prison can be by means of his tongue; and there are men down South to-day who will tell you stories that they heard from the lips of Chaplain Ryan when they were prisoners between the years 1861 and 1865.

In his work Chaplain Ryan came in contact with men of all sorts of religious beliefs and creeds. Never a radical, he came to understand how men could feel differently on the subject of religion and still be sincere, and so when he was mustered out of the army and returned to his pulpit his sermons were marked not only for their eloquence and wit as before, but for their liberal views as well.

As a result, Father Ryan's name soon became known to Protestants, and before long his speaking acquaintance with men of other faiths was as large as with his own, and good Presbyterians were repeating and laughing at his latest stories every bit as heartily as the most pronounced Catholic in his congregation.

Thus things drifted on, Father Ryan winning the respect and regard of all creeds, to the year 1872, when the priest's eloquence brought him his first ecclesiastical reward—that of Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis.

The promotion was fuel for his oratorical fires. For the next twelve years whenever he preached or spoke in public thousands, representing all sects, crowded to hear him, and went away to tell his stories and to discuss the liberal views which he had expounded.

It was the broad attitude he took as Coadjutor Bishop that first caused Pope Leo to hear of Bishop Ryan. The Pope sent for Bishop Ryan, received him in the Vatican, and, in recognition of his work, which had been almost solely that of a speaker, gave him the honorary title of Archbishop of Salamis.

This occurred in the same year that Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia died. Archbishop Wood had been ultra-conservative. Among other things, he would not let a member of the Grand Army of the Republic be buried in a Catholic cemetery.

He held that the Grand Army of the Republic was a secret society. He was opposed to all such organizations, and he would have no rites other than those of the Church at the grave. As a result, in Philadelphia, the leading Protestant city in America, the city of the most pronounced anti-Catholic riots of 1844, when eight churches were burned and many people killed, the progress of the Catholic Church was by no means what leading Catholics desired.

Upon the death of Archbishop Wood the Church began looking around for his successor. It did not take it long to discover that Bishop Ryan was the only man in sight who was fitted for the post.

A man was wanted who could soften the widespread hostility against the Church; he would have to be something of a diplomatist and a man who could use his tongue well. Bishop Ryan, by means of his wit and liberality, had won a host of Protestant friends in St. Louis; his policy had received the Pope's stamp of approval; he was the man for the place.

So Patrick J. Ryan, Coadjutor-Bishop of the archdiocese of St. Louis, became second Archbishop of the lately created archdiocese of Philadelphia.

His first act caused the town to gasp. A G. A. R. man, a Catholic, died, and, anxiously, the members of the dead man's post presented themselves before the Archbishop and asked if they might bury their comrade in a Catholic cemetery.

He not only gave his permission, but he put on his chaplain's uniform, preached the sermon and led the way to the grave. And the veterans, forgetting that they were in church and the solemnity of the occasion, cheered their new-found comrade in arms.

That act, supplemented by a few sermons revealing the speaker's tolerance, oratorical powers and overflowing humor, broke down much of the old prejudice, and before long the Archbishop was addressing meetings, religious and otherwise, not under Catholic auspices.

At one of them the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of the famous fightingMcCooks, and one of Philadelphia's leading Presbyterian ministers, walked across the platform to grasp the Archbishop's hand, and to say that he, too, had been a chaplain in the civil war. Now, whenever Dr. McCook and Archbishop Ryan attend banquets at the Union League, of which they are members, they always see to it that they sit side by side, and each in his sermons frequently states that "my good friend Dr. McCook," or "my warm friend Archbishop Ryan, declares."

As with the clergy, so with the laity; the Archbishop's tongue prevailed there, in one way or another.

"Your Grace," said Wayne MacVeagh, when he was counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad, "Mr. Roberts here, our president, who always travels with his counsel, will undoubtedly get you passes over all the railroads in the United States if in return you will give him a pass to Paradise."

"Ah," replied the Archbishop, quietly, "I would do so if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

The Archbishop's reply made him two influential friends, and it is typical of the way in which he has kept Philadelphia in good humor for twenty-four years.

At the same time he has not neglected the Church. When he assumed charge of the archdiocese it had 250,000 Catholic families; now it has double that number.

He has built, just outside of Philadelphia, the second largest Augustinian monastery in the world; the largest is in Spain. He has erected a protectory for boys, founded several large hospitals and with the $250,000 which was collected as a gift for him on his recent golden jubilee, and which he refused to accept, he has started building an orphanage.

The Archbishop was once asked how he raised all the money for his various enterprises.

"Why," he replied, "I just talk to people and somehow they give."

It was just his talking that ended Philadelphia's great street railway strike in 1895. This leading citizen and that had tried, without success, to get the strike leaders to arbitrate. A big bribe had failed to move them.

Riot and disorder grew apace. The city's business was paralyzed. Then somebody thought of Archbishop Ryan; he was approached, and consented to see what he could do.

He went to the place where the leaders were assembled. He introduced himself, and said he guessed it wouldn't hurt if they'd talk over the situation a little. It turned out that the Archbishop did about all the talking.

He got the men with him at the start by a funny story, and he held them by the flashes of wit with which he interspersed his argument. An hour or so later, when he left the meeting, he carried with him the word of the leaders that they would arbitrate. The next day Philadelphia was a peaceful town again and street cars were running as usual on every line.

"My boy, your tongue will some day make you famous." His fellow churchmen declare that if Archbishop Ryan gets the red hat, as many of them think he will, it will largely be because of his eloquence and his attitude on Church matters which he expressed, parable fashion, some few years ago when he was asked where he stood in a supposed difference between Cardinal Gibbons, extreme liberal, and the late Archbishop Corrigan, ultra-conservative:

"As Archbishop of Philadelphia, I naturally stand half way between New York and Baltimore."

THE SOUTH'S SOLDIER SENATOR

BATE OF TENNESSEE, WHO HAS A FIGHT FOR HIS SEAT ON HAND.

He Never Accepted a Pass, Never Sent a Franked Telegram and Never Asked for a Job for a Relative—Won't Draw His Pension Either—His War Record.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—For many reasons, and more especially from the point of view of the old soldier, William Brimage Bate of Tennessee, now making an energetic fight for reelection to the United States Senate, is one of the most interesting figures in that body.

Senator Bate is a gentleman of the old school, unskilled in political charlatanism, loyal to his friends and his State, big of heart and big of brain, always ready to listen to a plaint and ever ready to extend a helping hand. As a soldier his record in behalf of the Confederacy reads like a romance and the memory of the daring of the men who followed him from 1861 to 1865, their devotion to the lost cause and their self-sacrifice, still lives fresh in the thoughts of the people of Tennessee. They have perpetuated in marble and bronze the story of the gallant Second Tennessee.

Born in 1826—Oct. 7, to be precise—Mr. Bate is now approaching 78, and there are those younger than he and possessed of ambition to fill the place he now occupies who think this veteran should be retired to private life.

In the early days of the Spanish war, when favorite sons and nephews were being commissioned at such a rapid rate, Senator Bate was almost a stranger at the appointment counter. His feet never crossed the threshold of that room where requests were lodged for the preferment of kith and kin by Senators and Representatives. No relative of his received any commission in the war nor has any relative of this old-fashioned Southern gentleman ever been put in office.

He is a poor man, but he never accepted a railroad pass; when he sends a telegram he pays for it. Telegraph and telephone franks are not among the perquisites to which he deems himself entitled. Although general counsel in his State for years for one of the big express companies doing business in Tennessee, it is stated that Mr. Bate, even when occupying that place, would not accept the deadhead privilege of the corporation that was his client.

Ten years ago the Senator from Tennessee received a pension as a veteran of the Mexican War. That pension, quarter by quarter, is piling up in the Treasury, subject to his order, but he declines to take it. He is the only Mexican War veteran in Congress. Senator Pettus of Alabama enlisted for that service, but did not get in.

Since the retirement from Congress of Gen. Wade Hampton, who was a Lieutenant-General, Senator Bate has been the ranking general officer of the Confederacy in Congress. He was a Major-General, while Senators Cockrell, Morgan and Pettus were but Brigadier-Generals.

Had it not been for the State pride so firmly embedded in Senator Bate's character the equestrian statue of President Andrew Jackson, in the centre of Lafayette Square, immediately in front of the White House, would have been removed to a low, marshy spot back of the Executive Mansion, near the Potomac. The committee in charge of the Lafayette statue selected a site in Lafayette—then known as Jackson—Square, between the Jackson statue and the White House. The foundation was dug and a lot of cement and stone had been hauled to the place when Senator Bate happened to pass that way.

"What are you doing here?" he asked a workman.

"Don't you know?" asked the workman, recognizing the man who had addressed him. "The Lafayette statue is to be put here."

"What!" ejaculated this veteran of two wars, born and reared in Jackson's State, "put up a statue between Gen. Jackson and the White House. Never, so long as I live, if I can prevent it."

He was the author of a joint resolution which became law, prohibiting the erection of any statue in that particular spot. The Lafayette statue was erected on the southeastern corner of the square, and subsequently the Rochambeau statue was put up on the southwestern corner of the park.

It is not given to many men to serve their State so long and so successfully as has Senator Bate. While in his teens he served two years in the Mexican War. His entrance into public life was by way of two years in the Tennessee Legislature. Then he spent six years as Attorney-General four years as a soldier in the civil war, seventeen years in the successful practice of the law, during which time he was Presidential Elector, twelve years as national committeeman and four years as one of Tennessee's most honored Governors. Now he is rounding out his third term as United States Senator.

Mr. Bate could have been Governor of his State in 1863, but he preferred the part he had chosen as a soldier, and from the front declined the nomination in a telegram, from Wartrace, July 17, 1863, which has been treasured by Tennesseeans as a patriotic utterance worthy a place in the history of the State. That telegram read:

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your telegram of to-day, I beg to say that however flattering the honor you suggest, and to which I am not insensible, there is a duty that rises above it. A son of Tennessee and a Southern soldier, I would feel dishonored in this hour of trial to quit the field. No, sirs, while an armed foe treads our soil and I can fire a shot or draw a blade, I will take no civic honor. I had rather, amid her misfortunes, be the defender than the Governor of Tennessee. Let me exhort to harmony.

The telegram set the convention wild with enthusiasm and resulted in the nomination and election of Judge Caruthers, a man too old to serve in the army.

It was by one vote only that Senator Bate missed coming to the Senate in 1875 when former President Andrew Johnson was elected. In that struggle between Bate and the "great commoner," Bate was twice elected by one vote, but the vote was twice changed before the result could be announced. This resulted in a tie, and that situation lasted for three weeks when, after Bate's withdrawal, Johnson was elected on the fifty-fifth ballot.

In 1880, the Democratic party became divided on the subject of the State debt. So hopeless was the split that the Republicans elected the Governor, all the State officers and practically the State Legislature. When the Legislature met, however, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans, apparently, were able to elect a Senator. Mr. Bate and Howell E. Jackson were the candidates. The night before the election, at a conference between Bate and Jackson, it was agreed that Bate was the stronger of the two and that the entire Democratic vote should be thrown to him.

Caucuses were not part of the party machinery in those days and this agreement was nullified the next morning when the name of Jackson was again placed before the Assembly, and by the aid of thirteen Republican votes he secured a majority, the Democrats then making it practically unanimous.

Before the people, though, Mr. Bate was never beaten. The popular opinion of the man was shown in wonderful degree in the Gubernatorial campaign of 1882. Demoralized and dazed, when the campaign came on, the party, after declining twice to send him to the Senate, turned to Bate for deliverance. His standing with the soldier element and his personal and political strength among the masses made him the strongest man for the race, and he was nominated against his will. He solidified his party, brought the factions together and was elected by a majority of 27,000.

The State debt settlement came up then and he managed it with such success and satisfaction to the party that he healed all wounds and restored his party to its old place in power, from which it has been impossible since to dethrone it. Immediately following his second term as Governor he was sent to the Senate, and after three terms, he is now compelled to fight for his return.

The services of Mr. Bate to the Confederacy in the civil war were conspicuous and, in many respects, unique. He enlisted as a private the day after the firing of the first gun at Sumter, and won one promotion after another, returning from the war wearing the stars of a Major-General. Wounded three times, once seriously, he served as a general officer for two years on crutches, and finally surrendered at Bentonville, where he and his men were among the last of the Army of the Tennessee to lay down their arms.

At Shiloh the bone in Gen. Bate's leg was shattered, and the injury made him a cripple for life. The Second Tennessee participated in that bloody fight with every man, from the Colonel down, carrying a furlough in his pocket. Protected by this exemption from duty these men went into a battle in which more than 100 of them lost their lives. Col. Bate, with his horse shot under him, was himself carried from the field dangerously wounded.

No regiment ever before, probably, went into action under such peculiar circumstances. Col. Bate's men were hibernating for the winter in Virginia. The Confederate Congress had not then passed any conscript laws.' Col. Bate conceived the idea of reenlisting his men for the entire war, appealed to their love of country in a speech following dress parade and within a week had almost the whole regiment reenlisted.

This was the first reenlistment in the Confederate Army and Col. Bate received letters of congratulation from President Jefferson Davis and War Secretary Benjamin. As a reward they received their furlough, but learning that a fight was imminent they declined to take advantage of it.

The fighting qualities of the regiment are emphasized in the fact that out of a total strength of 400 men 126 were either killed or wounded in the first charge at Shiloh. On the field, in sight of Shiloh Church, after the battle, there lay five of the Bate family, three dead and two wounded, Col. Bate being one of those seriously injured. His younger brother, Capt. Humphrey Bate, was killed. A monument will be erected this summer on the battlefield to mark the spot where so many brave Tennesseeans fell.

On Saturday night before the fight Col. Bate and his younger brother, Capt. Humphrey, received a box from home. On Sunday morning they had just finished an early breakfast, such as they did not expect to have again for many weeks, when orders came for the regiment to go into action. Col. Bate and his brother had each just lighted a cigar from home. The Captain was killed. Col. Bate had his cigar firmly clenched between his teeth when lifted from his famous horse, Black Hawk, but a stray bullet during the charge had cut off the fire end of the weed. Senator Bate has never, since that day, lighted a cigar. For a time he indulged in a "dry smoke," but he has now ceased that.

Commanding a brigade at Chickamauga, Gen. Bate had three horses shot under him. It was his command that broke the lines of the Union forces at the Poe field cross of the Fayette road. In the two charges there Gen. Bate lost 52 per cent. of his men, the largest brigade loss in the army. It is a matter of history that his men held the lines at the left of Bragg's headquarters in the battle of Missionary Ridge, holding the road from Chattanooga alone against two brigades until sundown. Protecting the bridge in the rear thus, the Confederates were able to pass over, and Bragg in his official report declared that the "indomitable Bate" saved the day.

Gen. Bate was an active participant in most of the battles of the "hundred days" fight under Joe Johnston in northern Georgia and was conspicuous in the battles around Atlanta, notably those of July 20 and 22 at Utoy Creek, where he was badly wounded and taken to the hospital at Barnesville. Gen. Bate had not seen his native State for nearly four years, and when Hood went there, although still suffering from his wounds, Gen. Bate joined him. He took an active part in the fights at Murfreesboro, Franklin and around Nashville, until Hood was overrun by Thomas and driven back across the Tennessee River.

With his attenuated command Bate went through Georgia and the Carolinas to Bentonville, N. C., where he was in the thick of the fight. Here Bate was a corps commander. The fight was so desperate that in the successful attack on the enemy's breastworks Gen. Bate lost two brigade commanders. At Bentonville in 1865 he surrendered his army, and there it was that the guns of the Army of the Tennessee fired their last shot.

Big Soft Shell Turtles From Florida.

There have lately been received at the Aquarium, from Florida, four soft shell turtles that are the biggest of these curious, leathery, thin, pancake-like turtles ever seen here. The largest is about twenty-one inches in length on its top shell, and about two and a half feet in length from the tip of its beak to the tip of its tail.

Soft shell turtles are found in this country, in fresh water from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Horse 28 Years Old Doing Good Service.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

There is a horse in the town of Boydton, Va., known as Morgan, which is older than most of its inhabitants. He was foaled in the month of April, in the year 1876, in the county of Mecklenburg.

Morgan has no claims to aristocracy, and his pedigree is not recorded in the books, nor is he entitled to registration, but for more than twenty years he has been a faithful collector of taxes, his master being the treasurer of the county, to the 1st of January last.

Though Morgan is within a month of being twenty-eight years of age, he has until now performed all the duties of any horse. He has received no favors because of age, and has met every engagement in the time, and when not engaged collecting taxes he was the favorite driving horse of the ladies and children of the family, and in addition hauled his own bedding and wood for the winter. Mr. Wells, Morgan's master, thinks his horse's long life and fitness for service is due to methodical attention and treatment; that he discovered the exact quantity of food, particularly grain, necessary to keep him in the best condition.

RUSSIA'S ARMY AND ITS CHIEF

A FLOOD OF HUMANITY TO DRAW ON TO OVERWHELM JAPAN.

880,000 Young Men Available Every Year for Military Service, but 63 Per Cent. Are Exempted—176,000 Cossacks Will Bear the First Shock of War.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 13.—Until noon yesterday it was not known even to diligent inquirers at what hour in the evening Gen. Kouropatkin, the man on whom alone the whole conduct of Russia's land campaign rests, was to leave the capital for Manchuria. Heads of departments controlling street traffic and railroad arrangements knew, and a few hours before the train started they put their men quietly in place. The people in the streets were left out of any notion of patriotic demonstration. They were supposed to understand that it was not especially their affair.

Yet 10,000 at least lined up near the Nicolai station to give their General a parting cheer. With Petersburgers he is a popular figure—perhaps not a first rate strategist, but personally brave, a hard-bit little solider of unaffected bearing. If some of his recent public utterances have sounded rather theatrical and Boulangerlike they are justified by long time residents here on the ground that the Mongols and Tartars and Cossacks, whom he knows so well, expect their leaders to deliver sweeping sentence of extermination on the enemy they are to meet. Then they accept themselves with absolute conviction as God's and the Czar's agents and executioners.

All that is as the coming months will show. Russians who never expected great things from their fleet will not have it that their army can fail. To questions as to its ability to cope with the most modern firearms—the great length of range, the flat trajectory of the bullet and the smokeless powder—they answer always that numbers, bravery and endurance are bound to prevail.

Beyond this general assertion they have little material to go upon. The high average of physique is unquestionable. None of the European conscript armies shows such chest development and such serviceable feet for marching. It is not contended that this is a national superiority, but the enormous population enables the Government to give exemption for merely family reasons to more than half the young men each year as they are due for conscription.

An official handbook, which is now out of print although it is only eight years old, gives the most reliable information on Russian army organization. The Czar had it edited in English by the "Chancery of the Committee of Ministers" for his newly married Empress, who cannot read Russian. It deals with all the institutions of the country. Under the head "Military Service," which became compulsory in 1874, it states:

"All the male population capable of service, from the ages of 21 to 43, enter into the composition of the armed forces of the State. Some, however, belong to the regular permanent troops, while others are counted as militia, *opolichenie*, and are called out only in time of war, and then principally for service in the rear of the regular army. The general term of service in the regular army is eighteen years, four of which are passed with the colors, and fourteen in the reserves.

"The term of active service is diminished in proportion to education, the shortest term being one year. There are in Russia a great many exceptions to the rule of obligatory service, as the full number of conscripts afforded by the whole population is not necessary to complete the cadres in time of peace. For instance, the cadres of the Russian army on a peace footing represent about 900,000 men, called out for four years; consequently 225,000 conscripts are required annually; but in view of completely filling up the ranks of the army in case of war, the yearly contingent is fixed at 265,000 men. The population furnishes yearly 880,000 men of 21 years of age, which is three times the required number. Therefore the remaining two-thirds have to be relieved in some way or other from the duties of active service.

"The principal ground for exemption is physical incapacity, and for this reason about 290,000 conscripts are made free of military service every year.' In the next place, the privilege is granted for domestic reasons; as, for instance, in the case of an only son of a family, or an eldest son assisting his father when his brothers are not ready for work. Medical men, clergymen, dispensing chemists, teachers, &c., are at once included in the reserve for eighteen years. The remainder of the superfluous conscripts are exempted by drawing lots. Out of the yearly contingent of 265,000 men, about 6,000 are placed in the navy.

"Compared with other conscription countries the burden of service is lightest for Russia. Thus, of the male population of 21 years of age:

	Enter the service yearly, about:	Are yearly exempted from serving. Through incapacity, about:	On family grounds about:
France	76 per cent.	23 per cent.	0 per cent.
Germany	45 "	42 "	2 "
Austria	34 "	57 "	4 "
Russia	31 "	12 "	51 "

As transportation is Russia's hardest problem in this war, she will have to make the fullest use of the men whose permanent homes are on her eastern frontiers. This means that the Cossacks will be put to the first test. The word "Cossack" is Turkish and means a free man, or, more definitely, a free lance. The fundamental idea of their military service is that the entire population must undergo it. In return they are given considerable allotments of land and various privileges which the peasantry have never enjoyed. In several respects the mingling of civil and military in their rural commune governments resembles the Boer political system.

Each separate Cossack body is under the immediate command of a Deputy Ataman—the title of Ataman is Commander-in-Chief, and is at present held by the Czarewitch—who also governs the local civil administration. It is akin to the Transvaal field cornet, who was county coroner and Magistrate in peace time, and local enlisting officer and Colonel when there was war.

In time of war the various Cossack populations furnish 146 cavalry regiments, 39 separate squadrons, 20½ infantry battalions, 38 horse artillery batteries representing a regulation total of 176,000 rank and file. In peace only one-third of these are in service, the rest are exempted.

Kouropatkin, though actually commanding in the field, remains Minister of War. His office here is filled by a locum tenens. This gives him an absolutely free hand, but it does not follow that it will improve the working of the military bureaucratic departments. The Czar's handbook admits that after the Turkish war of 1878 "all the materials and armaments of the troops were found to be either useless or very imperfect." Kouropatkin did all he could to improve it.

Ninety per cent. of the conscripts can neither read nor write when they join the colors. They first learn the prayers of the Orthodox Greek Catholic Church, then all the titles of the Imperial family, and after that acquire the rudiments of an elementary education.

All the doctors of the country, being on the reserve in virtue of that education exemption at the time they were due for conscription, are liable for service as surgeons and physicians in the field, and already they are being requisitioned.

GRAY DAYS OF MARCH.

New York in Lenten Sobriety of Hue This Season of the Year.

New York is never so gray as in the latter end of March. Without the relief of winter's white or of spring's green, the town then robes itself in a Lenten sobriety of hue.

From every tall building the prospect is one of prevailing duns and grays. Even from the bridges the salt waters of the harbor, which can take on such marvellously sympathetic glories from the summer skies, are a mere dull gray welter, pitiless and cold.

The Quakerish asphalt and the grimy stone blocks of the streets seem to ray liquid emanations of themselves into the air, and one has a strange childish fear that should it rain there would be a precipitation, not of water, but of asphalt and stony gray sleet.

Wherever the characteristic far street vistas of the town meet one's gaze, long before the perspective reaches the vanishing point the atmosphere has thickened to a dense smoky gray, troubled with the dim moving figures of vehicles and pedestrians. The impressive urban vista of Fifth avenue shows this phenomenon, and is hardly less fascinating in its sombre dress than in the gayety of mid-spring.

Near flags and banners flap and snap in the March air, showing their colors, but where the gray thickens until all objects are muffled the reds and blues of the flags are turned to black, and if apprehended at all are visible only by a feat of imagination.

There is something majestic and warlike in Old Glory thus shorn of its splendors and waving uneasily in great silent folds amid the pervasive gray of a dull atmosphere. The dimmed banners and the smoke-charged air seem in some way emblematic of the vast struggle of which Manhattan Island and its suburbs are the scene.

The immense town, as a matter of fact, goes noisily about its business beneath the Lenten atmosphere. Men and women, still clad in the dark garments of winter, lend themselves to the general dull color scheme, and the unresponsive dun twigs and trunks of the trees and shrubs in the parks and public places seem one with the season of self-denial and fasting.

Penance pervades the air, and all that thick gray with tangled skeins of black that stops every far vista suggests the smoke of incense and burnt offerings. Whatever the various religion or irreligion of the city's millions, her Lenten atmosphere is wholly Catholic, and the observer feels that the most natural thing possible would be the hourly chiming of church bells that call to repentance and worship.

Out of this dull sheath, this dim, airy husk, comes at length with April and the arrival of Easter the sudden blossoming of the town.

Warm reds and greens show some morning in the bristling array of treetops that edges Central Park. The pavements and sidewalks dry into something like whiteness beneath warm airs and sunshine.

The harbor puts off its sackcloth and ashes to dimple and sparkle in gray-greens and blues beneath sympathetic skies. Crocuses blossom in white and purple and gold, and the twisted green horns of the tulip leaves rise above their muddy bed in prophecy of the time when they shall paint the town in the delirious splendors of the real spring.

Men and women emerge from their sombre garments, and although few have really kept Lent in true repentance all seem to walk with sins forgiven. The town is gay with the coming of spring and Easter.

The very flags have won back their colors, for Old Glory no longer has a black field for its stars and alternate stripes of black and white, but glows in blue and red as far as the moving folds are visible. Life and motion are everywhere, and the long urban vistas are barred with strips of gold at every corner, while the very housefronts ray tingling light into the street.

Penance is done, spring is come, and the Lenten pall is lifted

PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRY SALE.

Feast at Which Hundreds of Bidders and Buyers Are Fed.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"It's a sale all over Berks county just now," said a well posted, good natured Pennsylvania Dutchman, who had been going the rounds pretty thoroughly and who had verified the adage that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," for they feed men well at these sales. It's a month of jolly half holidays with these farmer folk, for the public sale means more fun for them than any minstrel show or comedy that could be put upon the stage.

With pleasant weather, the auctioneer and his migrating client, the farmer, can count upon a crowd at each of these sales big enough and jovial enough to remind him of a country fair. And each such sale fans to a flame the embers of rural social life, for the gossips come from miles around.

The free dinner, however, is the chief attraction of the sale; and it certainly seems to be the seller's best investment, as all those who enjoy the farmer's hospitality feel in duty bound to buy or bid on the goods that seem to be under a fair price.

On such a dinner the wife and daughters of the farmer, assisted by the wives and daughters of half a dozen neighbors, busy themselves for two or three days previous to the sale preparing chickens, potatoes, salad, cabbage, doughnuts and a dozen other familiar dishes.

At a recent rural sale the bill of fare consisted of chickens, waffles, doughnuts, potatoes, ham, roast beef, peas, corn, beans, pies and cakes without number. The eating began at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, and the 1,179 persons participating ate so contentedly and the 3,500 persons present kept the auctioneer so busy till 7 o'clock in the evening that the amount of the sale was $5,967.73, leaving such a net profit to the farmer that he might have been able to feed even such a crowd several times over.

To satisfy these appetites required 40 chickens, 500 waffles, 600 doughnuts, 3 bushels of potatoes, 5 hams, 70 pounds of roast beef, 20 quarts of peas, 5 gallon pots of corn, 300 pies, 200 cakes, 150 custards and 40 gallons of coffee, while two barrels of cider were kept on tap, and by sunset there was not enough of it left to fill a tin cup.

A brass band was in attendance to keep the crowd in a jolly mood, and politicians of the ruling party in the county were present in great numbers, with township politicians to do the introducing.

At the public sale, too, the country lassie catches her beau, and if she is treated to peanuts and oysters by the young man of her choice, why, then, he's elected.

The farmer's big boy enjoys the day's outing also, playing ball and at other sport, and the little boys play hide and seek in the barn, behind the barn and all over the place.

The most prominent personage at such a sale is, naturally, the auctioneer, who must keep the crowd before him jolly, and if he doesn't know the art of cracking jokes in Pennsylvania Dutch, why, of course, he is not successful. He must be witty all the time, polite and accurate, and he must know how to make the bidders bid, and if he does so and is as proficient in selling a crowbar as a cow, he keeps things "going, going, gone!" until his commission on a day's sales runs up to $30 or even $40.

ORIGIN OF THE MORMON SMITHS

THEIR FIRST HOME STILL STANDING AT TOPSFIELD, MASS.

They Had a Literary Ancestor, Asael, Who Wrote a Schedule of His Possessions in Blank Verse for the Town Officials —His Sensible Views on Marriage.

TOPSFIELD, Mass., March 26.—Few of the citizens and residents of this little village are proud of the fact, but the ancestral home of the Smiths of the Mormon Church is still standing here. The structure was built in 1690, is of the ancient style of architecture, one and a half stories high, almost square in shape and shingled all over, with a huge chimney piercing the centre of the ridge pole.

In this house lived Asael Smith, grandfather of the founder of the Mormon religion, and his son Joseph, the first convert to the faith and its first presiding patriarch. The Smiths can trace their ancestry to the early colonial settlers. Robert Smith, the first of his line in this country, arrived in 1638, married Mary French and settled in Rowley, near Newburyport. He purchased 208 acres of land and was for many years known as a modest, unassuming and honest man, always willing to aid his neighbors.

Asael Smith, son of Samuel and grandson of Robert Smith, was born here on March 7, 1774, and, his mother dying soon after his birth, was brought up by his father's second wife Priscilla. He served with the Continental Army in the Revolutionary War, and after his father's death settled down on the paternal estate. The house stands about a mile north of the centre of the village, on the main road. In it was born Joseph, father of the Mormon prophet.

A broad-minded man was Asael Smith, and he preached doctrines which caused sharp comments from his neighbors. All of his children were baptized in the Congregational faith, but he was inclined to the Universalist belief. He had a slightly deformed neck, due to a burn sustained when a child, and so one of his critics remarked that "his religious beliefs are more distorted than his neck."

Asael was quite literary for those days. When the assessors of Topsfield called upon him for a schedule of his possessions, he replied with the following verse:

I have two poles, tho' one is poor;
I have three cows and want five more;
I have no horse, but fifteen sheep—
No more than these I keep—
Stears that's two years old, one pair;
Two calves I have, all over hair;
Three heiffers, two years old, I own,
One heiffer calf that's poorly growa;
My land is acres eighty-two,
Which aarch the records youle find true,
And this is all I have in store,
I'll thank you if youle tax no more.

In writing to a friend he said: "For my part, I am so willing to trust the government of the world in the hands of the Supreme Ruler of the universal nature that I do not at present wish to wrest it out of His hands, and I have so much confidence in His abilities to reach our Senator's wisdom that I do not think it worth while for me, from the little stock of knowledge that He hath favored me with, to interpose in the affair, either one way or another."

Some time before Asael's death, he wrote a letter of farewell to his wife and children, because, he said, "I know not what leisure I shall have at the hour of my death to speak to you." His advice to his children concerning marriage is the most striking paragraph in the letter, considering the belief of his descendants to-day. He wrote:

As to your marriages—I do not think it worth while to say much about them, for I believe God hath created the persons for each other and that nature will find its own.

But for your children—make it your chiefest work to bring them up in the ways of virtue, that they may be useful in their generation. Give them, if possible, a good education; if nature hath made no difference, do you make none in your affections, countenances nor portions; partiality this way begets envy, strife and contention.

He advised his wife, if she should marry again, to remember what he had undergone from his stepmother, and not to estrange her husband from his children. He counselled his children to read the Scriptures, to consider them with reason, and "to bless God that you live in a land of liberty and bear yourself dutifully and conscionably toward the authority under which you live. See God's providence in the appointment of the Federal Constitution and hold union and order precious jewels."

Joseph Smith, third son of Asael, moved with his father to Tunbridge, Vt., in 1791, and assisted in clearing a large farm of a heavy growth of timber. In 1816 he moved to New York and settled in Manchester, Ontario county. While the family was living in New York State the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized with six members, and Joseph Smith, Jr., revealer of the Book of Mormon, was chosen its president. Joseph Smith, Sr., was the first to accept the testimony of his son, and in 1833 he was called to the office of presiding patriarch of the Church. The prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum—the latter of whom succeeded his father as patriarch—when under the protection of Gov. Thomas Ford of Illinois and while awaiting trial on the charge of treason, were murdered in Carthage jail on June 24, 1844, by a mob.

RUSSIAN PRIVATE'S LETTER.

Writer Tells of His Amusements on the Way to the Front.

A small shopkeeper named Veruinin, who carries on business near the Arbat, has received a curious letter from his son, giving particulars of how the Czar's soldiers amuse themselves during their long journey, says the Moscow correspondent of the *London News*. The letter is dated from Muisovaya, the western terminus of the Trans-Baikal Railway. It begins with innumerable "loves" and "greetings" to relatives, and proceeds:

"We were kept four days at Tchellabinsk, and only started on Feb. 3. We got here very tired, as we took two days to get across Lake Baikal, and it snowed all the time. Two of our men were frostbitten. We spent a night in the 'teplushka' (station in the middle of the lake where soldiers rest). There were over seventy of our men in it. We had to get up in the night and pile logs on the fires outside. I wonder they did not burn through the ice.

"We are hungry to get at the Japanese. Kiss Lukeria, and tell her I will bring home their pigtails to tie up the old cow with. Now for our amusements: We have a Jew called Yanko, a first rate little chap. His father is a rich man, and he taught us to play cards. He played quite fair, but won all our money. He says he can count to a million. Markoff sold him the buttons off his coat, but the sergeant hit Yanko, and made him stand in the snow and sew them on again. We call Yanko 'lobster,' as he got very red, being a proud man.

"Our men who were frostbitten got an extra tcharka of vodka. It is astonishing how easy it is to get bitten. What we want first is matches, as our train has hot air pipes. I wish we had a stove. Yanko had a whole box of matches, which he sold singly. I owe him one ruble and three kopecks.

"We got lots of 'makhorka' (coarse tobacco), but our cigarettes are all gone. Send me a pipe.

"The second battalion of our regiment is at Harbin, and we shall see our old friends and also the Chinamen who are going to fight on our side. So what does it matter if the English go against us? If they do we shall stop at Chita, and go back to India. Some of our officers fought against the English in the last war against the Turks. A Turk is a better man than Japanese any day, and if we beat the Turks we can beat the Japanese.

"We are all going to get new boots at Tchita. Some of the men who passed through here went in second class carriages. No such luck for us."